

The Human Seasons

By John Keats

Four Seasons fill the measure of the year;

There are four seasons in the mind of man:

He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear

5 Takes in all beauty with an easy span:

He has his Summer, when luxuriously

Spring's honied cud of youthful thought he loves

To ruminatè, and by such dreaming high

Is nearest unto heaven: quiet coves

10 His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings

He furlèth close; contented so to look

On mists in idleness—to let fair things

Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.

He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,

15 Or else he would forego his mortal nature.